

PLANNING "COMICS" BY ARTIST.

Boyd Drew Humorous Pictures for a Living, But they Drove Him to Suicide.

SAID HE HATED THE WORK.

Quarrelled with His Wife, and When Left Alone with His Sketches He Inhaled Gas.

"Don't you find it tiresome to have to be continually inventing themes for your comic sketches?" Inquired one day last week a friend of Arthur Newton Boyd, the humorous illustrator.

"Tiresome!" he repeated gloomily. "It is driving me mad! Comic pictures haunt me. They keep me awake at night. I hate them!"

He had just been exhibiting some of the work he liked to do, the work he was proud of, the work his heart was in, the work he could not quit. There were strong, sincere drawings, full of color.

In many of them occurred the same figure—that of an Indian. Boyd talked affectionately about this Indian model of his.

Much as he loathed the amusing trivialities to which circumstances compelled him to direct his pen, they yielded him a good livelihood. He and his wife had a comfortable flat at No. 421 Park place, Brooklyn.

She had been connected with the stage, and their marriage had taken place against the wishes of his parents—persons of consideration in Abbeville, S. C.

He had come to New York on fire with ambition, feeling it in him to become an artist of renown. He sought in vain a market for the drawings into which he threw knowledge, thought, enthusiasm.

Persons whose business it is to buy such things said that they were very good, but—

"If you'd only try your hand at comics," they would add. "That's what the public wants!"

There came a time when Boyd was compelled to try his hand at "comics." To his own intense amazement he succeeded. He had what Daudet called a "fatal facility." The work that he despised made him prosperous. It could not make him happy.

But it became a great strain on the inventor after a time. When he was actually drawing funny pictures, he was compelled to be planning new ones. His whole world became distorted into a caricature.

It was at this stage that he uttered the fierce lament already recorded. He was showing the evidence of the strain. The home was not a happy one.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd quarrelled on Saturday, and it ended in her taking a trip to Harlem. In the Police Court there she made a complaint against him for non-support, and a summons was issued directing him to appear yesterday morning. This summons was served on Boyd later in the day.

That night the other tenants were annoyed by a strong odor of gas. They traced it to the Boyd flat, which was in darkness, and assuming that nobody was at home, Charles Poole and James Matthews procured a key and entered.

They did not dare to strike a match for fear of an explosion. All was quiet for a few minutes. Then the door opened, and a man came out. He was the artist, and he was in a state of collapse.

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ELOPERS CAUGHT ON LA GASCOGNE.

Mme. Meunier Left Beautiful Home in Paris With Husband's Employee.

Entered at the Neck and Sank Through the Body Close to the Heart.

INTO THE PERITONEUM.
An Operation for the Rupture Thus Caused Resulted in Max Sussekind's Death.

It took eight years for a little 32-calibre bullet to kill Max Sussekind, but it killed him at last, and his dead body lies in St. Mark's Hospital, a marvel to physicians and a subject for items in medical text books.

The dead man, who was thirty-seven years old and lived at No. 225 Sixth street, had an adventure with a woman in Chicago eight years ago, which ended when she pulled a pistol and shot him in the left side of the neck. The doctors could not find the bullet, and probably could not have removed it if they had found it.

Slowly the bullet worked its way downward. It was heard from at times when the man said that he had strange pains, but it interfered very little with his health.

Sussekind went to the hospital to be operated upon for a rupture. During the surgical explorations the doctors found the bullet. It had made its way from the point where it had entered at the neck down past the heart, gradually feeling its way through the membrane in which that organ is enclosed.

After that it sank through the peritoneum and was going through the abdomen, cutting a way for itself, when the doctors found it. It had caused the rupture. The man died from exhaustion and from the effects of the operation.

The patient, when the X ray was discovered, became quite a famous subject for experiment. He was formerly one of the undiscovered bullets was roving about in his interior, but they were never able to locate it, though great efforts were made, both here and in Chicago.

The course taken by the bullet greatly interests the doctors, who in their records have cases of needles and pins that have nearly all over the human anatomy, but they say that the extraordinary behavior of this bullet is without a parallel. It passed so close to the man's heart that a slight deviation would have killed him at once.

The physicians are greatly interested in the rate of travel of the bullet, but they have no data on which to estimate it. Most of the time Sussekind had no feeling at all that the bullet was still with him. When he thought he felt it it was probably altogether imaginary, because his idea of its course did not at all correspond with the route the doctors say it took.

The bullet is in a good state of preservation. It might be used again.

The dead man leaves a widow and three children.

12-YEAR-OLD BOY CHARGED WITH MAIL ROBBERY.

Letter Taken from the Camden Post Office Had a \$4.69 Money Order, and Parks is Held.

Camden, N. J., May 29.—Thomas Parks, a twelve-year-old boy, who resided at No. 413 Federal street, was arrested by Post Inspector Moore and County Detective John Simpson at the post office on the charge of stealing letters from the mail.

Friday evening last a Mrs. Spangler mailed a letter at the post office containing a money order for \$4.69. Parks had been looking around the post office as usual. He saw the money order and took it, and then, learning that M. Hemel intended coming to America, I asked him to let me accompany him. I came alone, and now the very course taken to prevent my detention has caused it. My husband has been killed me if I am returned. He has often threatened it.

M. Hemel, a dapper, well-groomed Frenchman of thirty-one years, fully corroborated Mme. Meunier's story.

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SLAYER OF WIFE TELLS HIS SECRET

Dr. Theodore G. Jacquemin in Court.

Dr. Jacquemin Keeps a Promise Made in Court to Reveal the History of His Life—Feels No Remorse, and His Present Wife Stands by Him.

Dr. Theodore G. Jacquemin, of Neetong, N. J., who is on trial in Morristown upon a criminal charge brought against him by Miss Abbie J. Perry, formerly one of his patients, desired yesterday to unfold in the court room the story of his life.

He had boldly stated at the outset of the present case against him, which he characterizes as blackmail, that he had killed a former wife in Belgium, and was prepared at yesterday's session of the court to go into the matter in detail.

The judge ruled the subject out, and Dr. Jacquemin thereupon told the story of his life to a Journal representative. Up to the time of this trial it had been a well guarded secret.

He is thirty-six years old and was born in Belgium, one of his parents being German and the other French. After attending the primary schools at Eternam, in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the gymnasium in Luxembourg, in 1879, he began studying at Ghent, where he took the degree of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Philosophy. In 1880 he began studying medicine, and in 1883 was awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Surgery.

In 1887, after a romantic courtship of three months, he married an eighteen-year-old girl, a native of Ghent. For many years their life was very happy. The doctor was prospering, and the wife was contented.

But another man appeared. He was a handsome lieutenant in the Belgian army. One day, in 1893, the doctor said he discovered that his wife was unfaithful. He tried to kill both her and the lieutenant, but the latter escaped. The doctor says he does not even now feel any remorse for his wife's death; only for the man's escape.

"I was justified," he explained. "I would do the same thing again."

For this act Dr. Jacquemin was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The trial was an exciting one, and at its close the jury had, he says, to be protected by a squad of soldiers. Just a year after he was sent to jail the King of Belgium pardoned him, the National Minister of Justice having made a personal plea for royal leniency.

In 1894 Dr. Jacquemin came to America, and in seeking to practise medicine in New Jersey passed a brilliant examination. He became interested in the cold water cure at Danville, and while practising there won the heart of a wealthy widow, Mrs.